The liverie of the warlike Maide appeares,
Pure red, and white, for yet no beard has bleſt him.
And in his rowling eyes, ſits victory,
As if ſhe ever ment to corect his valour:
His Noſe ſtands high, a Character of honour.
His red lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.
*Emil.* Muſt theſe men die too?
*Per.* When he ſpeakes, his tongue
Sounds like a Trumpet; All his lyneaments
Are as a man would wiſh 'em, ſtrong, and cleane,
He weares a well-ſteeld Axe, the ſtaffe of gold,
His age ſome five and twenty.
*Meſſ.* Ther's another,
A little man, but of a tough ſoule, ſeeming
As great as any: fairer promiſes
In ſuch a Body, yet I never look'd on.
*Per.* O, he that's freckle fac'd?
*Meſſ* The ſame my Lord,
Are they not ſweet ones?
*Per.* Yes they are well.
*Meſſ.* Me thinkes,
Being ſo few, and well diſpoſd, they ſhow
Great, and fine art in nature, he's white hair'd,
Not wanton white, but ſuch a manly colour
Next to an aborne, tough, and nimble ſet,
Which ſhowes an active ſoule; his armes are brawny
Linde with ſtrong ſinewes: To the ſhoulder peece,
Gently they ſwell, like women new conceav'd,
Which ſpeakes him prone to labour, never fainting
Vnder the waight of Armes; ſtout harted, ſtill,
But when he ſtirs, a Tiger; he's gray eyd,
Which yeelds compaſſion where he conquers: ſharpe
To ſpy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's ſwift to make 'em his: He do's no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he ſmiles
He ſhowes a Lover, when he frownes, a Souldier:
About his head he weares the winners oke,
And in it ſtucke the favour of his Lady:

His



His age, ſome ſix and thirtie.
He beares a charging Staffe, en
*Theſ.* Are they all thus?
*Per.* They are all the ſonn
*Theſ.* Now as I have a ſou
Lady you ſhall ſee men fight
*Hip.* I wiſh it,
But not the cauſe my Lord;
Bravely about the Titles of t
Tis pitty Love ſhould be ſo t
O my ſoft harted Siſter, what
Weepe not, till they weepe bl
*Theſ.* You have ſteel'd 'em
To you I give the Feild; pray
Fitting the perſons that muſt
*Per.* Yes Sir.
*Theſ.* Come, Ile goe viſit '
Their fame has fir'd me ſo;
Good Friend be royall.
*Per.* There ſhall want no
*Emilia.* Poore wench goe
Looſes a noble Coſen, for th
Scæna 3. *Enter*
*Doct.* Her diſtraction is m
Then at other ſome, is it not
*Jay.* She is continually in a
Little, altogether without a
Dreaming of another world,
Broken peece of matter ſo'
*Palamon* lardes it, that ſhe

Withall, fyts it to every que
Shee comes, you ſhall percei
*Daugh.* I have forgot it q
*A downe a*, and pend by no
*Giraldo*, *Emilias* Schoolem
Fantaſticall too, as ever he
For in the next world will

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